

THE
NEW MINISTRY.

PART III.

CONTAINING

A COLLECTION of all the Satyrical
POEMS, SONGS, &c. since the Be-
ginning of 1742.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. WEBB, near St. Paul's.

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THE
NEW MINISTRY.
PART III.

PLAIN THOUGHTS, &c.

A New Ballad.



ATTEND, ye brave *Britons* of ev'ry
Degree,
All you who deserve, and resolve to be
free ;
Plain-Thoughts will suffice, and *Plain-*
Language will do,
When all we assert is known to be true.
Derry down, &c.
B

To save our old Laws, a new M——h we took;
 And well for those Laws an old Tyrant forsook :
 And shou'd our old *England* again be at Stake,
 A Curse on the Slaves who the N--w won't forsake.

Derry down, &c.

This M——h, unskill'd in the Nation's Affairs,
 A Lover of Wealth, and a Foe to all Cares,
 Resign'd to his Statesmen his Kingdom itself,
 And wink'd at their Plunder to share in the Pelf.

Derry down, &c.

He purchas'd abroad, while his Ministers jobb'd;
 And H——r flourish'd, while B——n was robb'd;
 And when he chang'd Hands for a fresh Set of Men,
 Where those took a Shilling, these Villains took Ten.

Derry down, &c.

This M——h deceas'd, his Son did succeed;
 A P—— more august, never came of his Breed;
 For tho' at his Birth lying Wags had a Fling,
 He soon prov'd himself the true Son of a K——.

Derry down, &c.

Like Measures he follow'd, like Servants he had ;!
 And all Things grew worse, that before were too bad:
 For W——l——e still rul'd with Corruption and Gold;
 The M——h he bought, and the Nation he sold.

Derry down, &c.

With Armies at Home, and with foreign Troops paid ;
 With Laws that cramp'd Freedom, as Taxes
 cramp'd Trade :

With Maxims quite new, he pursu'd his base Ends,
 And help'd our old Foes to oppress our old Friends.

Derry down, &c.

At length when Corruption drein'd Treasuries dry,
 And none would be bought—for none offer'd to buy.

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The Courtiers quit Leaders, they follow'd for Pay,
And Leaders turn Courtiers, worse R—ls than the^y.
Derry down, &c.

My Tale, Oh ye *Britons*! this Moral does bring,
However descended, a K—— is a K——;
Whenever they're taken, most Statesmen are Knaves,
And Patriots at Court are the lowest of Slaves.
Derry down, &c.

*An Account of the Hampshire Wonder,
or Groaning Tree, from a
Gentleman of that County to a
Courtier in London.*

W HILE publick Robbers faster breed,
Than *Hatchet* or than *Hemp* can rid;
While P—rs and P——ots, with such Fellows,
Combine to rob the Block and Gallows;
And injur'd *Tyburn* sadly grieves,
It can't come at these *mighty Thieves*;
The Gallows' Wrongs an *Elm* bemoans,
And vents its Grief in louder Groans,
Spreading his Limbs, as if the Tree
Desir'd they all might *Gibbets* be,
Whereon to tie up Knaves at Helm
From ever staining Boards of *Elm*:
For Boards of C——l, Boards of *Trade*,
May of *Light Elm* be often made.

We now expect that *British Oak*
Will soon complain;——'tis made a Joke:
Saw'd, hack'd, and hew'd, and sent to Sea,
To bully *Britain's Enemy*:

When all the While 'tis made their Sport ;
 For, are not *B*———*n*'s Foes at *C*———t?
 In short, if thus your *Friends* go on,
 'Tis well if any *Stock* or *Stone*
 Their Stations keep, and *only* groan.

A CASE, supposed to be true.

TWO *Heroes* went, we thought to fight :——
 One, though he knew it not, did *right* :
 And, warm with Zeal for *Britain's* Glory,
 Must live recorded *fair* in Story.

The other knew his *whole* Command ;
 Yet, to our Conquests put a Stand,
 And sacrific'd to *Spain's* Ambition,
 Because *He* acted by *Commission*.

Did *V*———*n*, or did *W*———*b* well?——
 The *First*, if *ENGLISHMEN* may tell.
 By *Courtiers* be the Judgment past,
 They, to a Man, will say, the *Last*. ;

But what will People say *abroad*,
 If *Worth*, to *Honour's* not the Road ;
 If at St. *J*———'s Folks inherit,
 For *Crimes*, *Applause* ; *Neglect* for *Merit*.

Imitation of

*Audivere, Lyce, Dii mea vota, Dii
 Audivere, Lyce : sis Anus, & tamen
 Vis formosa videri,
 Ludisque & bibis impudens.*

HOR.

HE is grown old, he is abhor'd,
 Whom falsely once all Men ador'd;
 I thank you, Gods! for so you ought
 To stamp the *Man* who merits nought.

And yet to bribe the Goddess *Fame*
 No Art by him is left untry'd;
 So great is *Bubo's* Want of Shame,
 His Drunkenness and Pride.

But know 'tis **P**——**r** that Goddess seeks,
 His shining Virtue claims her Choice;
 For him alone her Trumpet speaks,
 For him alone is heard her Voice.

For Streams more chrystal than her Skies
 The Goddess flies a dirty *Bath*.
 O *Bubo*! thou art fill'd with Lies,
 O Virtue! he hath left thy Path.

Nor Title can, nor Strings of Blue,
 Nor Wealth immense thy Fame restore,
 Nor heav'nly Peace of Mind renew:
 What Time has bury'd is no more.

Where is the Man who next to *W...d...m* shone,
 The Nation's Column, and the Senate's Pride:
 Where is the Patriot, the *Camillus* gone,
 Of true Applause where now the swelling Tides?

But *W---d---m* dy'd while Credit bloom'd,
 Cursed, O *Bubo!* is thy Fate,
 An aged Raven thou art doom'd
 The World's Contempt, not worth its Hate!

The Patriot Parrot. A FABLE.

A Zealous PATRIOT had a *Parrot* taught,
 In mimic Sounds, to prattle his *own Thought* :
Rogues all, Rogues all, was *Poll's* eternal Tone ;
Rogues all, Rogues all, whoe'er approach a Thr--ne--
 How well the Master judg'd, how well the Bird,
 Critics decide :—The Master is *preferr'd*. —
 Servile he cringes, fawns, adores the Thr--ne ; —
 But honest *Poll* still keeps her honest Tone.
Rogues all, Rogues all, is her eternal Song ;
Rogues all, Rogues all, who're Slaves C-----t-Slaves
 among. —
Curse on the noisy Bird, the *Patriot* cries ; —
Rogues all, Rogues all, --still honest *Poll* replies. —
 Tom, ---take the Bird ; ---wring off his Neck ; --- for
 hoarse,
 Hoarse is, as *Raven's Croak*, his Voice, --and *worse*. --
Rogues all, Rogues all, still honest *Poll* reply'd : —
 Who more a *Patriot* liv'd than *Poll*, or dy'd?

M O R A L.

From *Poll's* heroic Soul, let Statesmen see,
 With their *first Lesson* should their *last* agree.
 This Bird disdain'd his servile Master's Wrath. —
 Was it the Bird of *S* — s, or that of *B* — b?

An EPIGRAM.

DEEP, deep in S———'s blund'ring Head
 The new Gin Project sunk:
 O happy Project! sage, he cry'd,
 Let all the Realm be drunk.

'Gainst universal Hate and Scorn
 This Scheme my sole Defence is;
 For when I've beggar'd half the Realm,
 'Tis time to drown their Senses.

ODE. *To the new M———rs.*

WITS, point your Arrows keen, and quick,
 Sport Odes, Jokes, Ballads ne'er so thick
 At S———'s solid Head;

With safe impenetrable Weight,
 He stands great Leader of the State,
 Arm'd Cap-a-pee in Lead.

Let Facts convince, let Rhet'rick move,
 Let P———tt persuade, let W——ll——r prove
 Wild Schemes, and *Levy-Stealing*;
 Dumb, as their Bench, these Statesmen sit,
 Cyphers without Reply, or Wit,
 Lost to all Shame and Feeling:

Not so Lord B———, less wise than they,
 He contradicts himself each Day,
 Still is a great Debater,
 He threatens Vengeance on the Press,
 He makes our little Freedom less,
 And our great Army greater.

Thou, Genius of this Isle! arise,
 See with Disdain, Grief, and Surprise
 Such Knaves, such Ideots join'd,
 Join'd to destroy that happy Frame,
 Which made *Old England's* Strength and Name
 The Terror of Mankind.

A SIMILE.

To JEFFREY BROADBOTTOM, *Esq;*

DEAR *Jeffrey* didst thou never meet
 A Beggar walking in the Street,
 Who, conscious of his Want of Sight,
 Trusts others to direct him right;
 Out of his Doors he'll never stir
 Without his knowing, faithful Curr,
 Well skill'd each diff'rent Way in finding,
 Who knows all Crossings, ev'ry Winding:
 By him thro' all the Town he's led,
 And guided safely home to Bed.

So fares it with our T———y Board,
 Where, dark and blind, sits ev'ry L——d,
 From that grave *Thing* that wears a Ribbon
 Quite down to that grave *Nothing*, G———:
 Exactly fitted to each other,
 Each justly calls his Neighbour, Brother;
 Their Tongues can't speak, nor Heads discern,
 Too dull their own dull Forms to learn:
 They therefore wisely have provided
 A Curr, by whom they all are guided;
 No Warrant sign till he inspects it,
 And take no Step till he directs it:
 But, conscious to his Judgment, stoop,
 And all their Strings are ty'd to Sc———.

*Occasioned by a Paragraph in the
Gazetteer, March 19. 1742.*

WHEN on the Treas'ry liv'd the *Gazetteer*,
 ' *Britons*, he cry'd, What have ye now to fear?
 ' Ye write, ye speak, ye do just what you please;
 ' The Fun's your own,—the Minister's at Ease.'
 But when discarded from the Publick Pelf,
 The *Gazetter* was forc'd to keep himself,
 Loud he exclaim'd, " Your Liberty's at Stake;
 " Without a Risque ye neither write nor speak."
 To prove which Truth ('twas all that he could bring)
 A mighty innocent insipid Thing,
 Sends Author, Printer, Publisher to Jail
 (As possibly they wish) and gives no Bail.——
 C—rt—t, wouldst thou thy Lenity display,
 E'en take the *Gazetteer* again in Pay.

Britain's WRONGS.

A New BALLAD. *On the M———R.*

*Dic mihi, Britannia, eujum pecus: an Probitatis?
 Non, sed Rapinæ: Nuper mihi tradidit hic R—.*

YE true-hearted *Britons*, draw near to my Ditty,
 Tho' loyal, yet honest, yet serious tho' witty:
 Attend to its Cause too;—our Guardians of State,
 Who, by making us little, have made themselves great.
Derry down, &c.

Then judge if our Losses abroad, Ills at home,
Should be charg'd to Wit, Folly, to All, or to Some;
Of Wit we have need; vain is Strength without Wit;
As 'tis not the strongest, whose Arrow will hit.

Derry down, &c.

If Folly presides in the Form of Debate,
No wonder we fall with such Props to our State;
If they fail, tho' Wit guides them, their Country to
save,

The Fault's not in Wit, the Fault lies in the Knave.

Derry down, &c.

That most of them Knaves are, even Modesty notes,
Else whence comes the evil Surmountal of Votes?
Some few we shall mention as Types of some other^s:
As one Rogue's Description will fit all his Brothers.

Derry down, &c.

First complaisant C—r—t will bow, and will jest,
His Promise sincere is, till brought to the Test:
But made such a Buffle of Party, no doubt,
To get himself in, more than get others out.

Derry down, &c.

To *Holland* he hasten'd, a Treaty to settle,
But found the grave *Dutch* of less ductile a Metal:
That they were as wise as himself, we may say;
Or rather, that he'd no more Wisdom than they.

Derry down, &c.

The Zeal of loud P—lt—y none dar'd to condemn;
Thus what we once valu'd, we soon may contemn.
The Committee was sat; — who once thought of a
Trick?

The Champion was absent, his Daughter was sick.

Derry down, &c.

From hence learn, O *Britain*, to doubt of your Friends;
All say they serve you, while they serve their own Ends.

Wealth is their sole Aim; the Excuse of this Girl,
Was taking the Pill, gilt with Title of Earl.

Derry down, &c.

That Ideot, *H* ——— *o*, whose Palm ever itches,
So loaded with Bribes, he must hold up his Breeches:
Had *Britain* no Statesman more subtle than he,
Lost Freedom would live for the Price of a Fee.

Derry down, &c.

With the Vice of old *Minos* smiles Sycophant *S*-----*s*,
Who Gold makes of all things that come in his Hands.
In Reproach to his Vice, to his Peace the fix'd Curse,
As Emblem of Av'rice his Hand grasps a Purse.

Derry down, &c.

Of the mischievous Race of rank Statesmen, this one,
As a Prey to Resentment, should first be run down:
So gross is his Vice, so unpity'd his Case,
His own Herd disown him, and join in his Chase.

Derry down, &c.

Had *W-l-le* still kept at the Helm of the Nation,
She had not been now in so wreck'd Situation:
Yet mourn not his Fall; she had still been distress'd;
Tho' he's best of those Pilots;—yet bad is the best.

Derry down, &c.

You call'd long for Justice, in a War with proud *Spain*,
And, *se defendendo*, must make Peace again.
Like Gamesters, grown wise by Experience, we chuse
To give over Play, when we find we still lose.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis true honest *Vernon* caus'd proud *Spain* to fear,
And amaz'd much his Betters, to think he should dare.
A poor Booty he gain'd, yet he did what he could;
Since his Masters deny'd him to do what he would.

Derry down, &c.

O boast in a General, brave *England*, whose Skill
Can more of his own Men, than the Enemy kill.
'Tis *W--tw--b*, so true to command, for he did,
In martial Obedience, the Thing he was bid.

Derry down, &c.

Who keeps a proud Mistress, and spends much upon her,
Will shortly be brought down to live on his Honour:
So while this Jilt War we maintain, and nought get,
Like Profligates, we run our Honour in Debt.

Derry down, &c.

And like the lewd Spendthrift, with Vanity drunk,
We, dipp'd for our own, pay another one's Punk:
'This do we not do; when our Pay we send over
To the Forces of *H-se*, and the Troops of *H n-v-r*?

Derry down, &c.

Yet, where's the Possession we soon are to taste;
To gain which, great ——— would go over in haste?
Bak'd Meats were prepar'd, and new cask'd was his
Ale;

But alas! he ne'er went, and the Pyes they grew stale.

Derry down, &c.

Poor *England*, I sorry to see you a Bubble,
No Worth for your Costs; yet your Taxes made
double;

But would you be told, in my Song I will shew,
Why the Friends of the *C--rt* must be Traytors to you.

Derry down, &c.

First tell me, if any of you, who engages
To pay on Performance your Servants their Wages;
Should find them your Int'rest or Law disregard;
Would not you give Orders the Slaves be discharg'd?

Derry down, &c.

If most of our Nobles will cringe for a Place,
And Titles of Slav'ry their Honour disgrace;

When their Master commands them, how can you
suppose
To be Friends to the State, to themselves they'd be
Foes? *Derry down, &c.*

Much less should we hope, that such Commoners bold,
Who wrangle and plead as they chance to be told,
Should be guided by Truth for your Int'rest or mine,
When they know if they're honest, the Word is *Resign.*
Derry down, &c.

Could *England* her Placemen the Senate expel;
Nor who became such were in Council to dwell;
Such Placemen wou'd then be employ'd by the Nation,
And each must grow honest, or have no Evasion.
Derry down, &c.

Then none could have Seats in the House, none the
Chair,
But whose Int'rest was ours, who nor C—t nor Truth
fear:
Then *England* would flourish, and free Subjects sing.
With better Assurance, Success to the King.
Derry down, &c.

A Summary of Intelligence, Do- mestick and Foreign.

TO sum up all the *current News* :
The *Lott'ry's* half engross'd by *Jews* :
'Tis ask'd, Who governs after Spring,
Whether a *Regency* or ———.
A *Lord* translated to *His Grace* ;
But-- not the *Lord* of *Noble Race*.

The *Weekly Bills* encreasing much :
 No great Dependence on the *Dutch* :
 Perhaps still less on *Prussia's* Monarch,
 Who seems to *navigate his own Ark* :
 Some slight *Complainings* from the *Rhine*,
 Where People know not *how to dine* :
 We want more News from *Lobkowitz*,
 And something certain from the *Switz*.
 Count *Traun*, 'tis said, has beat *de Gages* ;
 But yet the *last* has rais'd his *Wages* :
 Th' *Auxil'ries* marching, and the *French*,
 One *Side*, no doubt, must soon *entrench* :
 We of *West-India* hear no more,
 Than ere *Columbus* made the *Shore* ;
 And *Matthews*, tho' Lord Paramount,
 Sends from the *Streights* no grand Account.—
 On all these Points the *grave Ones* lecture.—
 On all—their Ground is—*mere Conjecture*.

A New BALLAD upon the
 Riches of Great Britain.

Occasioned by a late Calculation.

WHY railest thou, *Thomas*, as if we were poor ?
 Thy *Journal* shall never be credited more ;
 It tends honest Minds to corrupt and bewitch :
 Other *Journals* can prove, We are damnable Rich.
 Derry down, down, &c.

In them thou may'st see all the *Millions* we raise,
 And the *Uses* for what, and the *Means* and the *Ways*.

*Man, Woman, and Child, from the Throne to the Shed;
We come in at least with our Guinea per Head *.*

Derry down, down, &c.

Tho' some never saw such a Piece of their own,
What then? They shall raise it; let S——ys but alone.
To ask it at once, 'twould with Hardship be found:—
They now never miss it--- *but all the Year round.*

Derry down, down, &c.

*Salt, Candles, Beer, Soap, daily Quota's bring in;
Much comes from Tobacco, and more comes from Gin:
The last was forbidden; but S——ys would relax,
And grant the free Usage, but double the Tax.*

Derry down, down, &c.

Thus far the Revenue affects *common Livers*:
But let all the Merit remain with the *Givers*:
They take from the *People*, and grant to the *Crown*,
And grant, we must own, like to *Men of Renown*.

Derry down, down, &c.

Five hundred and odd: Now suppose them all met,
And each Man as heavy as O-----d the Great:
They at one, this Year's Gold at the other *Extream*,†
And the *Men* and their *Chapel* would soon kick the
Beam. *Derry down, down, &c.*

* *The People of England are computed at between seven and eight Millions.*

† *A Pound Weight of Gold is worth, suppose, about 50 l. Sterling. Allow each Man to weigh 15 Stone, or 210 Pounds, Horseman's Weight, and the following Calculation may give some Idea of this Matter.*

210

50

10,500 l. the *Weight of each Individual in Gold.*

558

5,859,000 *Weight of the Whole. Which is a great deal within Compass,*

On the British, Austrian, and German Auxiliary Forces passing the Rhine.

AS soon as on the Banks of *Rhine*,
To pass, the *British* Forces join,
Led on by *L—g—nier* ;

The River God rear'd up his Head,
And with indignant Frown he said,

‘ What Bus’ness have you here ?

‘ Think ye, like *Danube’s* Stream of Yore,

‘ Mine shall flow stain’d with *Gallick* Gore ?

‘ ‘ Ah ! *British* Chieftan know,

‘ The Troops, tho’ fine as e’er were seen,

‘ Yet *Germany* has no *EUGENE*,

Nor *England* *MARL’RO’* now.

‘ ’Tis true, old God, the Chief reply’d,

‘ We have no *EUGENE* on our Side,

‘ No *MARLB’RO’* leads our Bands ;

‘ What then ? — instead of *Heroes Two*,

‘ We’ve *One* to come, shall—Both outdo ;——

‘ Know this ; —— for †††† commands.

Rhine smiling said, —— ‘ I know him not ;

‘ Yet be this *Maxim* ne’er forgot ;

‘ Whatever his Renown

‘ For Planning Schemes, for Martial Deeds ;

‘ That *Two* brave Hearts, and *Two* wise Heads,

‘ Are better far than *ONE*.’

Drinking by Authority.

N O W

Who'd be S O B E R ?

*A New Ballad. Occasion'd by the Encouragement
given to Drinking in several late G--Z--TTES.*

Si mane bibas, iterum bibe.

Devil Tavern.

THE Statesmen in or out declare,
That all the Schemes they draw are just :
That all they do or say is fair ;
A Courtier ne'er betrays his Trust,
But for the Money, the Money, or Interest, &c.

And when the HEAD will wink at Vice,
Are *Petty Underlings* to blame ?
Now Reputation's in Disguise
Our great Men quarrel not for Fame,
But for the Money, &c.

God blefs his *Majesty* ! he longs
His *H-n-v-r--n* Seat to see :
Great Britain may complain of Wrongs,
But what cries ——— is that to me ?
I want the Money, &c.

And so h' assembled all his L—ds,
And told them what he wou'd be at :
They sat affrighted at his Words,
You know, says He, I will have that :
Give me the Money, &c.

My civil, pious C—m—ns grant
 Whatever Imposts I exact;
 Both Sides alike the Sessions want,
 For All I ask, and they Enact,
Is but the Money, &c.

Wou'd you be sober you're excis'd;
 If viciously you are inclin'd,
 In *H-nb-n* 'tis compriz'd,
 'Tis not in *England*; there you'll find
Lies all the Money, &c.

Yes, yes, the *English* poultry Fools!
 The Mansion only is transf-plac'd;
 Your *Norman* Laws, your *Saxon* Rules
 Are all excluded and disgrac'd:
But 'tis for the Money, &c.

William the first sign'd Doom'sday's Book,
 Put all the Lamps and Candles out.
 Our Conqueror our Liquor took,
 Then bad us wisely——Drink about:
But it was for our Money, &c.

At Amphitheatres you've seen
 A mimic, foolish, wretched Thing,
 Who puff'd the Heroes Worth within;
 And what did all his Puffing bring?
Nought but the Money, &c.

So *S——s*, 'tis said, but kept the Door
 (Of the *Ex——quer* House I mean)
 We've robb'd the Rich, says he, the Poor
 Must pay the Porter coming in;
For we want Money, &c.

Why then, says ****, you've done your worst;
 You've rail'd yourself quite into Pow'r;

And tho' you're by the Nation curs'd,
 You yet may smile whilst they look sour:
For you get Money, &c.

But pray now, if I let you thieve,
 Suffer me to partake a Share;
Grant you, depend on't I'll *Receive*
 Whatever Chains my S——ts wear.
Give me the Money, &c.

Vex'd with their Losses and the War,
 I'm told they gladly would get drunk;
 Be all my Credit above Parr,
 Be Trade and Commerce lost and sunk!
So I've but the Money, &c.

For what care I for Fools that pay
 For their own Taxes and Distress,
 When I enrich those who still pray
 For my Enlargement and Success:
Which must be the Money, &c.

So, S——s, as you took up the Dirt,
 And Scavenger to Or——d grew,
 My Foreign Credit do not hurt,
 But all your nasty Work go thro';
And give me the Money, &c.

Silence the Nation's Senses quite,
 Left that should dictate Tongues to speak:
 So that my Equipage is Right
 And Grand, let all the City break,
For want of Money, &c.

'Tis my Command; then S——s, direct
 To all the *Keepers of the Rolls*;
 I'll not a Subject once protect,
 Unless they give me all their Souls,
For I want Money, &c.

Says, Goody S——s, — Wife and Great Sir!

Money I know you sadly want;
And notwithstanding J——ll's Sir,
What he deny'd, we Patriots grant;
That is the Money, &c.

Then Patriot S——s the Board conven'd;
He told them all he had to say;
Which was, My Master is chagrin'd,
He wants the Cash to go away:
And stays for the Money, &c.

Now Folks, said he, that write and read,
Good E—l of B—th do you begin;
Send round your Summons's with Speed;
For all our M——que wou'd bring in,
Is but the Money, &c.

This said,——— They write their Letters round,
As follow, in due Shape and Form;
Peasants may toil and till the Ground,
Whilst K—gs and Courtiers loudly storm,
Deliver your Money, &c.

And thus the Rescript doth begin:
“ Ye Lords of ev'ry Country Town,
“ Who are, or are not yet come in,
“ By G——ge ye must and shall come down;
For we want Money, &c.

“ And how to raise it we can't think
“ By any Means but this alone;
“ 'Twas formerly a Crime to drink;
“ But now in Spirits you may drown,
Pay but the Money, &c.

“ Our hearty Commendations giv'n,
“ We beg you'd take our honest Words;
“ So leaving you the Care of *Heav'n*,
“ Give us but what the Earth affords;
Which is the Money, &c.

- " A foolish Aft Lord O——rd made,
" When G—— nine Years had reign'd ;
" By which whoe'er in Stall or Shed
" Sold Drams, was of his Ten Pounds drein'd,
And loft the Money, &c.
- " Tho' awful Rev'rend J——es the first
" Held Drunkennefs a woeful Sin ;
" Yet —— the *Second* lets ye burft,
" If ye by *Lady-Day* bring in
The Fees and the Money.
- " Therefore your Juftices convene,
" And all your Officers likewise ;
" Free Licence take for drinking *Gin*,
" And then no Information lies ;
Pay but the Money, &c.
- For why, fays ——, fhould they have Half,
" When I to go Abroad have Call ?
" So you may drink, and yet be fafe,
" Supply me with your Goods and All
The Money, &c."
-

*The Wind in the Eaft : Or, Pri'thee
Friend Keep Back. An ominous
Warning.*

A Humorous BALLAD.

By a SAILOR on Board the S——nefs Fleet.

Tune, To you fair Ladies now at Land, &c.

TO Dupes I write that ftay at home,
To fleece the Country round,
Ye've fure fign'd *England's* wretched Doom,
Since we to *sluys* are bound :

For what a Pox! could move Ye all
To send our Men to *France* to maul?

With a Fa la la la, &c.

But not content to send his Guard,

Ye must their *Master* too;

Sure Politics *veer'd* mighty Hard,

When thus ye were *brought to*:

For never Wind tack'd round so soon,

As Ye, when O ————d tumbled down,

With a Fa la la la, &c.

'Tis said the Government's a *Ship*,

Where he that holds the *Helm*,

Doth by the least unlucky Slip

Endanger ——— and Realm:

If so — How can ye be esteem'd? ————

On Board you would be *Lubbers* deem'd.

With a Fa la la la, &c.

The Vessel, given to Your Care,

S ————s lets the Rudder go,

And *B—th*, who shou'd the Top-sail rear,

Furls what he shou'd *undo*:

As for *A* ————ll, who ne'er wou'd floop,

He's *spinning Oakham* in the Poop.

With a Fa la la la, &c.

Whilst O ————d still the Boatswain acts,

And bids us ——— *Listen all*;

But why? — We know by some late Facts,

He pipes thro' a *Bird-call*;

And tho' the Nation bellows loud,

He makes them *band down ev'ry Shroud*.

With a Fa la la la, &c.

You've seen the beauteous *C--rol--ne*,
 She looks a Lump of *Gold* ;
 But, oh, ye Gods! cou'd ye divine,
 What *leaden* Hands we hold ;
 You'd stop us surely where we be,
 And ne'er let us drive out to Sea.

With a Fa la la la, &c.

For tho' the CAPTAIN, we all know,
 Doth stern and stiffly stand ;
 Yet a soft Female *brings him to*,
 And takes his *Helm* in Hand :
 And when a Ship such Pilots sway,
 How can she think to make her Way?

With a fa la la la, &c.

Yet he in Anger cries, and Haste,
Croud all the Sail ye can,
 Or else, I'll *lash ye to the Mast*,
 Or hang ye ev'ry Man :
 For why, when I should meet my Foes,
 Should the rough Fates my Rage oppose?

With a fa la la la, &c.

I know the Buffle that will rise,
 The Tumult and the Storm ;
 But I defy the Deeps and Skies,
 I'll act the Schemes I form :
 For if I longer here am kept,
 I might as well at Home have SLEPT.

With a fa la la la, &c.

So prithee *H-----*y sail away,
 Or I shall else grow cool ;
 'Tis fit that I, who *B-----n* sway,
 Its subject Flood should rule :

Let *Jove* the Deep in Thunder arm,
I'll face 'em all--if I am warm.

With a fa la la la, &c.

But *Jove* reply'd, Indeed you're wrong,

(I heard it in a Gale;

It warbled as it came along——

But what doth that avail?)

For when a Fool is obstinate,

He minds not the Decrees of Fate.

With a fa la la la, &c:

And thus it whisper'd from the EAST,

You'd better at St. *James's* stay;

Your Sorrows will but be increas'd,

By running thus away:

Fl——rs may dang'rous Things produce,

Think not you're going to Reviews.

With a fa la la la, &c.

This *Wind* was from the Heavens sent,

As Caution to retard

The Expedition you ne'er meant,

And keep you on your Guard:

For tho' you trifle with your Foes,

You can't the Pow'r of Heav'n oppose.

With a fa la la la, &c.

No Minister can bribe the Winds,

Tho' You should *storm* and *swear*,

For well I know, no Sanction binds

The Princes of the Air;

And you have acted One *so well*,

They fear You'd rival them in Hell.

With a fa la la la, &c.

But since you *are determin'd* ——— go :
 Who runs into a *Noose*,
 Shou'd *ne'er* be *stopp'd* ——— when *Fate* says so,
 And no One can excuse :
 For if you *sin* with *open Eyes*,
 Then *what* avails it to *advise* ?
With a fa la la la, &c.

But, *very strange* to me, I own,
 Is *modern Art* of War ;
 The Hero's *Courage* can't be shewn,
 Without he *takes* his *FAIR* :
 As if, whene'er the *Sword* he *draws*,
 His *Lady Wh--e* must *give* it *Laws*.
With a fa la la la, &c.

And thus You wind up *all the Ill*
 Which You *before* have *done* ;
 But pray take *Care* of *little B--ll*,
 Your *only* fav'rite *Son* :
 For, notwithstanding *Bounce* and *Crack*,
 I pray take *Care* *how* YOU *COME BACK*.
With a fa la la la, &c.

O think ! O think betimes, dear Friend,
 What *wretched* Folks You *leave* ;
 And where must All these *Blunders* end,
 By which those Folks y'aggriev'd :
 For You, Your *Insolence* avow'd,
 And *They* their *Patience* tamely shew'd.
With a fa la la la, &c.

But, think ye, Heav'n will e'er remit
 The *Crimes* You can't attone ?
 For *never any M***** yer,
 So *low* brought *B——n* down :

(27)

At *once* your *Projects* bold advance,
And make it *Province* unto *Fr---ce*.

With a fa la la la, &c.

So as you've made *the* *Slaves* at *Home*,

The *Dupes* of *You* and *Bob*,

Prithee, at *ONCE* confirm *their* *Doom*,

And *End* the *DIRTY* *JOBB*.

You've *En-----*d fool'd, we *plainly* see,

And so may *ALL* THE *WORLD* *FOOL* *THEE*!

With a fa la la la, &c.

FINIS.





